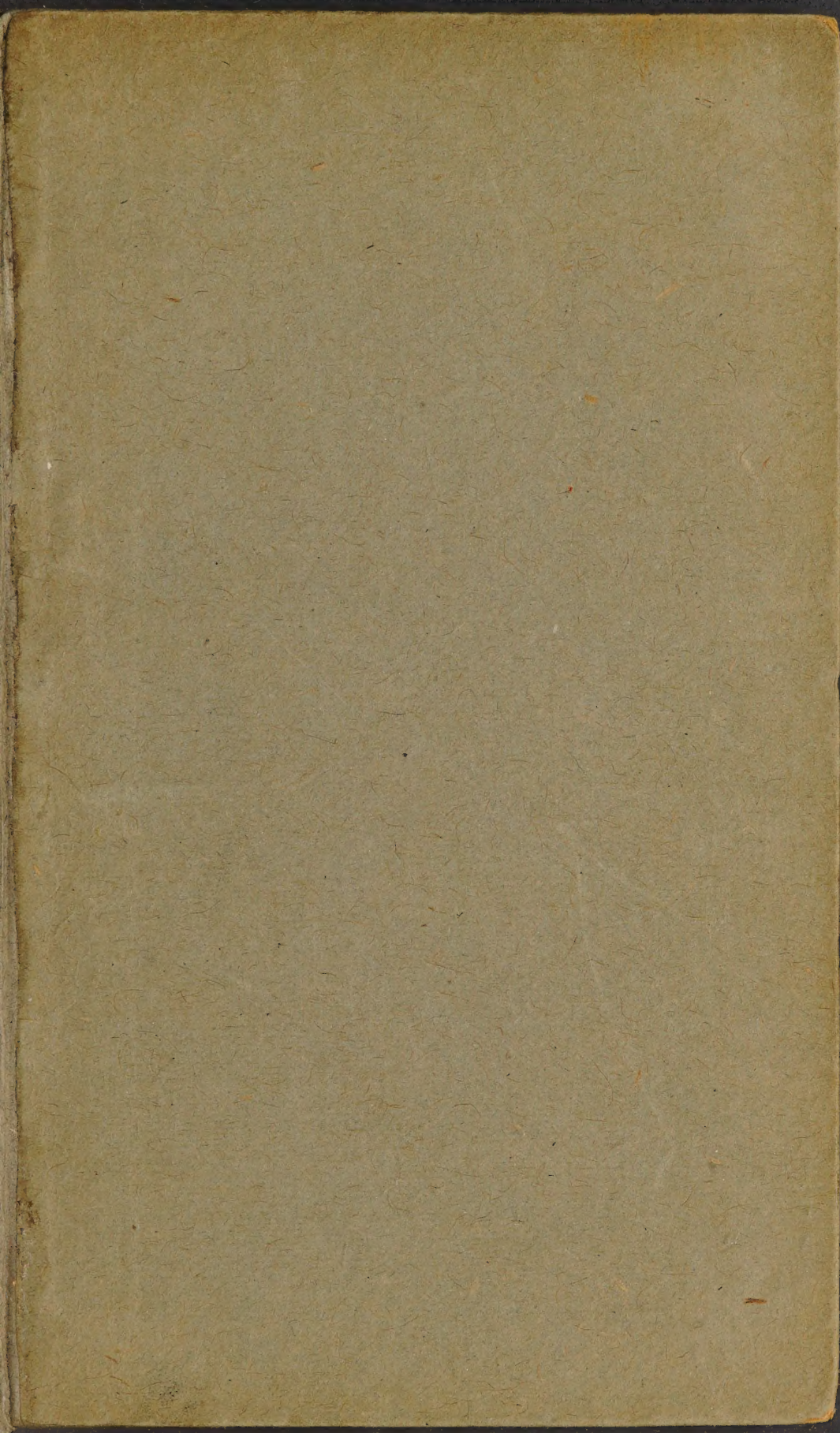


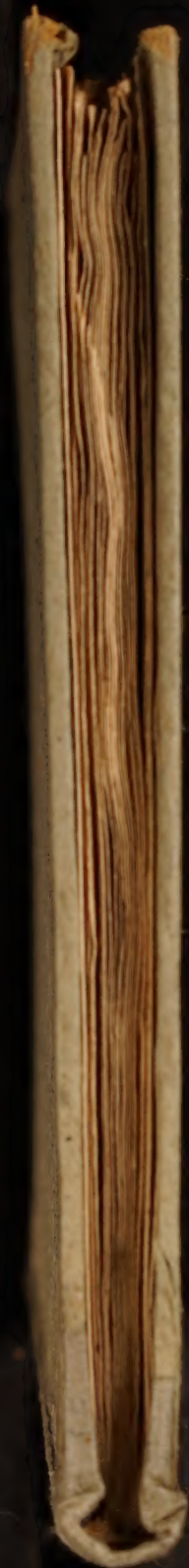


COMEDY OF ERRORS

1734







T.T. 3

Shakespeare

A4/A9 revised

Some
repair

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Act 10: THE

COMEDY

H. Richmond OF *Birmingham*

ERRORS.

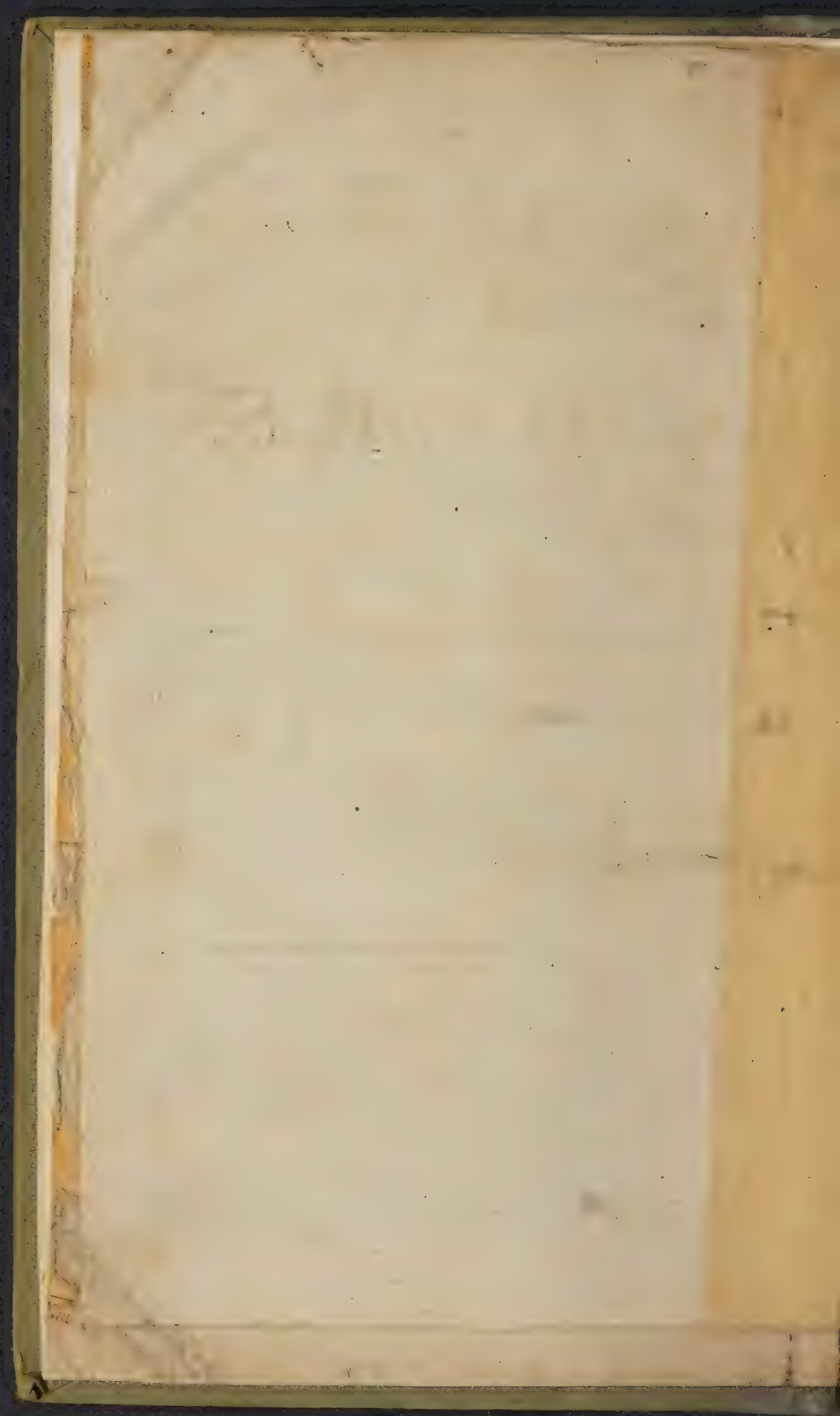
By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers of
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MDCCLXXXIV.



WHEREAS *R. Walker*, and his Accomplices have printed and published several of *Shake-spear's* Plays, and, to screen their innumerable Errors, advertize, that they are printed as they are acted; and industriously report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres. I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in Defence of my self, that no Person ever had, directly, or indirectly, from me any such Copy or Copies; neither would I be accessary, on any Account, to the imposing on the Publick such useless, pirated and maimed Editions, as are published by the said *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD,

*Prompter to his Majesty's
Company of Commedians
at the Theatre Royal in
Drury-Lane.*

Dramatis Personæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholis of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to Æ-*
Antipholis of Syracuse, } *geon and Æmia, but unknown*
 } *to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio of Syracuse, } *two Antipholis's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith,*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. Pinch, *a School-master, and a Conjuror.*

Æmia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, *Servant to Adriana.*

Jaïlor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Ephesus.*

The Plot taken from the Menæchmi of Plautus.



T H E
COMEDY *of* ERRORS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor,
and other attendants.*

Æ G E O N.

Proceed, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more ;
I am not partial to infringe our laws :
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and our selves,
T' admit no traffick to our adverse towns.

A 3

Nay,

Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
 Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs;
 Again, if any *Syracusan* born
 Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto an hundred marks;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say in brief the cause,
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:
 Yet that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
 With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To *Epidamnium*, 'till my factor's death;
 And he great store of goods at random leaving,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before her self (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that Women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arriv'd where I was.
 There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by name,
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean Woman was delivered

The Comedy of ERRORS.

17

You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phœnix*? wast thou mad,
'That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? hold, take thou that, and that.

Beats Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest is
earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect.
And fashion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
But soft; who wafts us yonder? *

SCENE

* ——— wafts us yonder?

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head; an you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and
insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoul-
ders: but I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

SCENE V.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay *Antipholis*, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweet aspects,

I

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they say, every
why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first for flouting me; and then wherefore,
for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season?

When in the why and wherefore is neither rhyme nor
reason?

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry Sir, for this something that you gave
me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing
for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Left it make you cholerick, and purchase me
another dry basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's
a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so
cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of farther *Time* himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro.

The Comedy of ERRORS.

9

Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unfought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap;
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes would, they may not disanul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee,
But tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. **T** Herefore give out, you are of *Epidamnium*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west:
There is your money that I had to keep.

A 5

Ant.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host;
 And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee :
 'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn ;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a means. [*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to the inn and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five a clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterward comfort you 'till bed-time :
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel, 'till then : I will go lose my self,
 And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Ex. Mer.*]

S C E N E III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 That in the ocean seeks another drop,
 Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose my self.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
 What now ? how chance thou art return'd so soon ?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The cadon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh, six pence that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody;

E. Dro. I pray you jest, Sir; as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post,
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir; why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix*, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bellow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
'That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate ;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders ;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave, hast thou ?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the *Phoenix*.

She that doth fast 'till you come home to dinner ;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir ? for God sake hold your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Ex. Dromio.*

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my money.
'T hey say, this town is full of coufenage ;
' As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye ;
' Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind ;
' Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ;
' Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
' And many such like liberties of sin :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave ;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana

A D R I A N A.

N Either my husband, nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him.
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lasht with wo.

There's nothing situate under heav'n's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, and sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls.
Man more divine, the master of all these.
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more preheminance than fish and fowl,
Are masters to their females and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some
fway.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause:
A wretched soul bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much. or more we should our selves complain;

So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left,

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that
my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou
his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear,
Beswore his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst feel his
meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could
scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad ; but sure he's stark mad :

When I desir'd him to come to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I ; my gold, quoth he :
Your meat doth burn, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; my gold, quoth he,
Will you come, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :
My mistress, Sir, quoth I ; hang up my mistress ;
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress :

Luc. Quoth who ?

E. Dro. Quoth my master :

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress ;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders :
For in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating ;
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look :
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blots it more than marble hard.

Do

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault: he's master of my fate.
 What ruins are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair.
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy; fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense:
 I know his eye doth homage other-where;
 Or else what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain,
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
 I see the jewel best enameled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still
 That others touch, and often touching will:
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy;

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Antipolis of Syracuse.

Ant. **T**HE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
 Safe at the *Centuar*, and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love stroaks, so jest with me again.

You

Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike :
 Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return :
 Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon !
 We came aboard.
 A league from *Epidamnium* had we sail'd,
 Before the always wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragick instance of our harm ;
 But longer did we not retain much hope :
 For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which tho' my self would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me :
 And this it was, (for other means were none.)
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us ;
 My wife, more careful for the elder born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other Twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 Fasten'd our selves at either end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length the sun gazing upon the earth
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And by the benefit of his wish'd light
 The seas wax calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this ;
 But ere they came ——— oh let me say no more ;

A 4

Gather

Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward old man, do not break off so ;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us ;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser wo,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us ;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwrackt guests,
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in quest of him :
Whom, whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus* :

Hopeless

I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'dst wouldst vow,

' That never words were musick to thine ear,

' That never object pleasing in thine eye,

' That

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scant'd men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound ones, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant.

• That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 • That never wert sweet-favour'd in the taste,
 • Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
 How comes it now, my husband, oh how comes it,
 That thou art thus estranged from thy self?
 Thy self I call it, being strange to me:
 That undividable incorporate
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah do not tear away thy self from me:
 For know, my love, as easie may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy self; and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
 I know thou can'st; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot!
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of my flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why, there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twou'd be a bald conclusion.

SCENE V. &c.

In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old.

As strange unto your town as to your talk.

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you ;
When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio* ?

S. Dro. By me ?

Adr. By thee ; and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman ?
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

S. Dro. I Sir ? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in all my life

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names.
Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine :
Whose weakness marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate ;
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks ; she moves me for her
theam ;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream ?

Or

* ——— as to your talk.

Who every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother, &c.

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks;
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
 Come, filter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heav'n, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to my self disguis'd?
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so;
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro.

— servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the *Fairy* land: oh spight of spights;
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
 But I shou'd know her as well as she knows me.

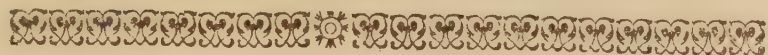
Adr. Come, come, &c.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Duc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late

[*Exeunt*,



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's House.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her † carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down.
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this? *
† carkanet, a sort of Bracelet.

I

*———didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,

Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, &c.

I think thou art an afs.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear;
I should kick being kickt; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs,

E. Ant. Y'are sad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God our
cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome. *
But soft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cissy, Gillian!*

S. Dro. within. Mome, malt horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch.

Either get thee from the door; or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
flore,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door. * *Adr.*

* ——— and your good welcome.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah Signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good Sir, is common that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lockt; &c.

* ——— get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master flays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch hold on's feet.

E. Ant.

Adr. within. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not: come again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame;

If thou had'st been *Dromio* to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an afs.

Luce. within. What a coile is there, *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, *Luce*.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master,

E. Dro. O lord, I must laugh;

Have at you with a *Proverb*. Shall I set in my staff;

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion; you'll let us in, I hope?

Luc. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

B

E. Dro.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go get you from the gate. * *E. Ant.*

E. Dro. So, come, help, well struck, there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. within. Who is that? &c.

* ——— go get you from the gate,

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go fore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man as mad as buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, if he break it not behind.

S. Dro.

The Comedy of ERRORS.

27

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir; oh let it not be thus.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner,
And about evening come your self alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
Ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry.
I know of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle;

B 2

There

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind.

E. Dro. Here's too much; out upon thee; I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together,

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, &c.

28 . *The Comedy of ERRORS.*

There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made ;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine* ;
For there's the house : that chain I will bestow,
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there, Good Sir, make haste :
Since my own doors refuse to entertain me.
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir
hence.

E. Ant. Do so ; this jest shall cost me some expence.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. **A**ND may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office ? shall, *Antipholis*,
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's-sake use her with more kind-
ness ;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness ;
Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair ; become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted ;
Teach for the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret false : what need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint ?

'Tis

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :
 Shame hath a bastard-fame, well managed ;
 Ill-deeds are doubled with an evil word :
 Alas poor women, make us but believe
 (Being compact of credit) that you love us ;
 Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve :
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife ;
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet mistress ; what your name is else
 I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
 Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The fouled meaning of your words deceit ;
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?
 Are you a God ? would you create me new ?
 Transform me then, and to your Pow'r I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed a homage do I owe ;
 Far more, far more to you do I decline :
 Oh train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;
 Sing *Siren* for thy self, and I will dote ;
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye :
 And in that glorious supposition think
 He gains by death that hath such means to die ;
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing in your beams, fair sun being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sifter so.

S. Ant. Thy sifter's sifter.

Luc. That's my sifter.

S. Ant. No;

It is thy self, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this thy sifter is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thy self, sifter, sweet; for I mean thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;

Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft, Sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sifter, to get her good will. [Exit. *Luc*

S C E N E III.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why how now, *Dromio*, where runn'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. D' you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your man? am I my self?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy self.

S. Dre. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides my self.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how, besides thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides my self, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lap to
your

your horse, and she would have me as a beast : not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me,

S. Ant. What is she ?

S. Dro. A very reverent body ; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir reverence : I have but lean luck in the match ; and yet is she a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage ?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all greafe, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light, I warrant her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter : if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of ?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept ; for why ? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain ; *Noah's flood* could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name ?

S. Dro. *Nell*, Sir ; but her Name is three quarters ; that is, an ell and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth ?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip ; she is spherical, like a globe : I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland* ?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks ; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland* ?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France* ?

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where *England* ?

B 4

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain*?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

S. Dro. Oh Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, saphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who sent whole armadoes of carraets to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low, 'To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee presently; post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time I think to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath

Hath almost made me traitor to my self:
But lest my self be guilty of self wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master *Antipholis*.

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir, lo, here's the chain,
I thought t' have tane you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please your self, Sir; I have made it for
you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir? I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my mony for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain:

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts:

I'll to the mart, and there for *Dormia* stay;

If any ship put out, then strait away.

[*Exit.*]





ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The STREET.**Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know since *Pentecost* the sum is due ;
 And since I have not much importun'd you ;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To *Persia*, and want gilders for my voyage :
 Therefore make present satisfaction ;
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
 Is owing to me by *Antipholis* ;
 And in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain ; at five a clock
 I shall receive the money for the same :
 Please you but walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antiph. Ephe. and Drom. Ephe. as from the
 Courtezans.*

Off. That labour you may save : see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
 And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of doors by day.
 But soft ; I see the goldsmith : get thee gone.
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year ; I buy a rope !
 [Exit Dromio.]

E. Ant.

E. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain:
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion,
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you see him presently discharg'd;
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present mony,
Besides I have some business in the town;
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ant. Then you will bring the chain to her your self.

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will, have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. And if I have not, Sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain,
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman;
And I to blame have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it;
But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you ev'n now.
Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The mony that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you 'half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee baik.
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*.
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio, Sira. from the bay.

S. Dro. There is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The Oyl, the Balamum, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and your self.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish
sheep, What

What ship of *Epidamnium* stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire wafrage.

E. Dro. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee strait,
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave; be gone:

On officer, to prison 'till it come. [Exeunt.

S. Dro. *Adriana*! that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowdabel* did claim me for her husband;

She is too big I hope for me to compass.

Thither I must, altho' against my will,
For servants must their masters minds fulfil.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

E. Antipholis's House.

Enter *Adriana* and *Luciana*.

Adr. **A**H *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him a right:

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me;

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot nor I will not hold me still ;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have it's will,
He is deformed, crooked, old and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind,

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
No evil lost, is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others eyes were worse,
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

S C E N E IV.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet now
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master. *Dromio* ? is he well ?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worse than hell ;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel :
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff ;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands ;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;
One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter ?

S. Dro.

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S. Dro. I do not know the matter ; he is rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested ; but he's in a suit of buff which rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress redemption, the money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at, [Exit. Luc.]

That he unknown to me should be in debt !

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond ?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but a stronger thing, A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

S. Dro. No, no ; the bell ; 'tis time that I were gone.*

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio* ; there's the money, bear it frait, And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister, I am prest down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.]

* ——— that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hour's come back, that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, it turns back for very fear,

Adr. As if *Time* were in debt, how fondly dost thou reason ?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth.

Nay, he's a thief too ; have you not heard men say, That *Time* comes stealing on by night and day ?

If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way, Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter, &c.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*The S T R E E T.**Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

S. Ant. **T**Here's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender mony to me, some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
 Some offer me commodities to buy.
 Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
 And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
 what, have you got the picture of old *Adam* new ap-
 parel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* dost thou
 mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the paradise, but
 that *Adam* that keeps the prison; he that goes in the
 calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that
 came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you
 forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain case; he that went
 like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, Sir,
 that when gentlemen are tired gives them a fob, and
 rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men,
 and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his
 rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a moris
 pike.

S. Ant.

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S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and faith, God give you good rest.

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtesan.

Cur. Well met, well met, master *Antipholis*.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan avoid, I charge thee tempt me not.*

* ——— tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress *Satan*?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay she is worse, she's the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench,
and thereof comes that the wenches say, God dam
me, that's as much as to say, God make me a light
wench, It is written, they appear to men like an-
gels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will
burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near
her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here;

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, be-
speak a long spoon.

S. Ant.

Cur. S. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you..

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's
nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
a cherry stone; but she more covetous would have a
chain. Master be wise, and if you give it her, the de-
vil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come *Dromio* let us go.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must
eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid thou fiend, what tell'st thou me of
supping?

Thou art (as you are all) a forcerefs:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cur. Give me, &c.

* ———— let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress that
you know.

SCENE VII. &c.

On

On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house;
And tell his wife; that being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus with a Jailor.

E. Ant. **F**ear me not man, I will not break away,
I'll give thee ere I leave thee so much
mony,

To warrant thee, as I am rest'd for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man, I think he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all,

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes-end, Sir, and to that end am I
return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[Beats Dro.

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in ad-
versity.

Off.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would - I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather prophesie like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Dro.*]

Cur. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer, Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cur. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait,
I conjure thee by all the saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizzard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are these your customers?
D'it this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Ant. Din'd at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she her self revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she her self revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraires?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good-will you might,
But surely master not a rag of mony.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are posselt,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And gentle master I receiv'd no gold,
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
'To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him : He strives.

Ady. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come near
me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within
him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

E. Ant. What, will you murder me ? thou jailor
thou,

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
'To make a rescue ?

Offi. Masters ; let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee ;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[They bind Ant. and Dro.]

And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good master doctor see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. Oh most unhappy day !

E. Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet !

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou
mad me ?

E. Dro.

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E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master, cry the devil.

Luc. God help poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me. Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

[*Exeunt Pinch, Ant. and Dro.*]

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. and Curtezan.

Off. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis Syracusan with his rapier drawn, and Dromio Syrac.

Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords;

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*They run out.*]

Manent Ant. and Dro.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and found aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town,
Therefore away, to get out stuff aboard. *[Exeunt.]*



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Tho' most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good-Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And

And not without some scandal to your self,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly;
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our controversy
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine thou knowest did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Curtesan and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God's sake, he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away:

Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house,

S. Aro. Run, master, run, for God's sake take a
house;

This is some Priory; in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet People, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Aug. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

C

Abb.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was :
But 'till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea ?
Bury'd some dear friend ? hath not ellie his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it ;
At board he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone it was the subject of my theam ;
In company I often glance'd at it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
'The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
'Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
'Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
'Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls.
'Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
'But muddy and dull melancholy,
'Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
'And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast :
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but my self,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again ;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;

Therefore depart and leave him here with me,

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five :
Anon I'm sure the Duke himself in person

C 2

Comes

Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death and sorry execution.
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

S C E N E III.

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed, with the
Headsmen; and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly.
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Mr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Mr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondmen all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses ; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed :
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away ; 'till raising of more aid

We

We came again to bind them ; then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
 And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go some of you knock at the abbey gate,
 And bid the lady Abbess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your self ;
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair ;
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace fool, thy master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, fear nothing : guard with
 halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband ; witness you,
 That he is born about invisible.

Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

S C E N E V.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Eph.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh grant me justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman
there ;

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury ;
Beyond imagination is the wrong.
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors up
on me ;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault ; say woman, didst thou so ?

Adr. No, my good lord ; my self, he and my sister,
To-day did dine together ; so befal my soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth.

Aug. O perjur'd woman ! they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say.

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it ; for he was with me then,

Who

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
 Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him; in the street I met him,
 And in his company that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
 Which God he knows I saw not; for the which
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey, and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By th'way we met my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates;
 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,
 A needy, hollow ey'd, sharp-looking-wretch,
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave
 Forsooth took on him as a conjurer;
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
 Cries out I was possesst. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great Indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth thus far I witness with him;
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
 These People saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him,

After

After you first forswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me ;
I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n ;
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this ?
I think you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup :
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been,
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the goldsmith here
Denies that saying, Sirrah, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcu-*
pine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cur. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange ; go call the Abbess hi-
ther ;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Ex. one to the Abbess.*]

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word :

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis* ?
And is not that your bond-man *Dormio* ?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dormio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our selves we do remember, Sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You

You are not *Pinch's* patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last.

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my Voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. *Dormio*, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, nor I,

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

'Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
'In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
'And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
'Yet hath my night of life some memory,
'My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left
'My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
'All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
'Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa* bay,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps my son,
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*; twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd,
[*All gather 'to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other;
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?
Oh if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why here begins the morning story right;
These two *Antipholis's*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance;
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant.

The Comedy of ERRORS.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman here

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you mony, Sir, to be your bail

By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me,

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathiz'd one day's error

Have

The Comedy of ERRORS.

Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction,
Thirty three years have I been gone in travel
Of you my sons, and 'till this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered;
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the kalenders of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me,
After so long grief such nativity!
Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antiph, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your Stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-bark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, *Dromio*.

Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. *[Exit Antiph.]*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;

He now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. What are you are my glass, and not my

brother.

I see by you I am a sweet fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:

'Till then, lead thou first,

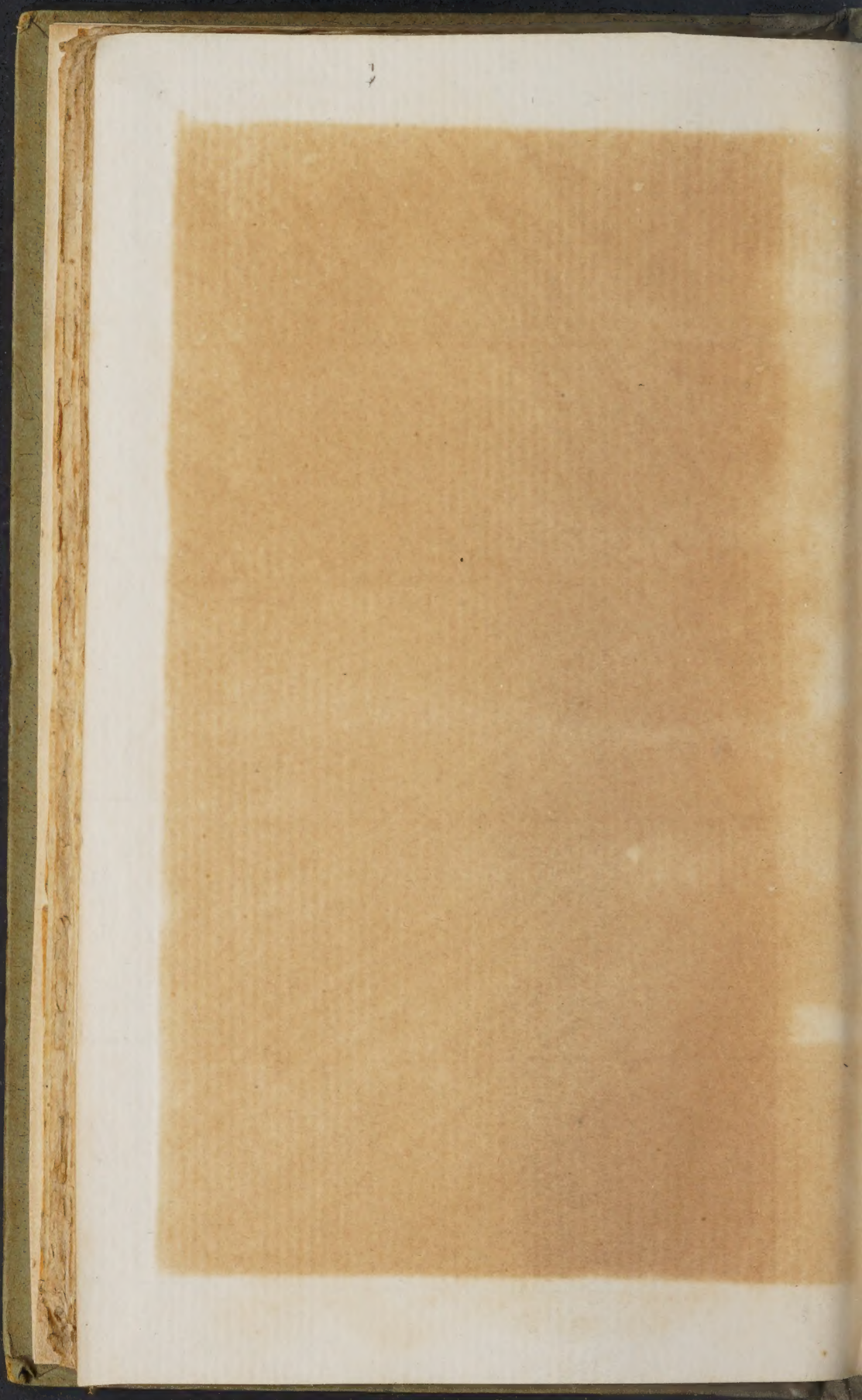
E. Dro. Nay, then thus ——— *[Embracing.]*

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before ano-

ther. *[Exeunt.]*

FINIS.



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